### 16

## THE REHEARSAL OF THE NEW

Author of "Vignettes of Manhattan."

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PART I. When Wilson Carpenter came to the junction of the two great thoroughfares, he stood still for a moment and looked at his watch, not wishing to arrive at the rehearsal too early. He found that it was then almost 8 o'clock; and he began at once to pick his way across the car tracks that were here twisted in every direction. A cloud of steam swirled down as a train on the elevated railroad clattered along over his head; the cyclops eye of a cable car glared at him as it came rushing down town; from the steeple of a church on the corner, around which the mellow harvest moon peered down on the inoisy streets, there came the melodious call to the evening service; over the entrance to a variety show a block above a gaudy cluster of electric lights illuminated the posters which proclaimed for that evening a grand sacred concert, at which Queenie Dougherty, the Irish empress, would sing her new song, "He's an Illigant

Man in a Scrap, My Boys." As the young

dramatist sped along he noted that people

were still straggling by twos and threes

into the house of worship and into the

place of entertainment; and he could not

but contrast swiftly this Sunday evening

in a great city with the Sunday evenings

of his boyhood in the little village of his birth. He wondered what his quiet parents would think of him now were they alive and did they know that he was then going to the final rehearsal of a play of which he was half author. It was not his first piece, for he had been lucky enough the winter before to win a prize offered by an enterprising newspaper for the best one-act comedy; but it was the first play of his to be produced at an important New York house. When he came to the closed but brilliantly lighted entrance of this ter, he stood still again to read with keen pleasure the three-sheet posters on each side of the doorway. These parti-colored advertisements announced the first appear-ance at that theater of the young American actress, Miss Daisy Fostelle, in a new American comedy, "Touch and Go," writ-ten expressly for her by Harry Brackett

and Wilson Carpenter, and produced u ced under When the author of the new American cemedy had read this poster twice he took out his watch again and saw that it was just 8. He threw away his cigarette and walked swiftly around the corner. Entering a small door, he went down a long, ill-lighted passage. At the end of this was a small square hall, which might almost be called the landing stage of a flight of stairs leading to the dressing rooms above and to the property room below. This hall was cut off from the stage by a large swinging

As Carpenter entered the room this door swung open and a nervous young man rushed in. Catching sight of the dramatist he checked his speed, held out his hand and smiled, wearily, saying: "That's you, I'm so glad you've come The rehearsal hasn't begun, has it?"

Carpenter asked, eagerly. "Star isn't here yet," answered the actor, 'and she's never in a hurry, you know. She takes her own time always, Daisy ces. I know all her little tricks. I've told you already that I never would have accepted this engagement at all if I hadn't been out since January. I don't see myself in this part of yours. I'll do my best with maybe, but I don't see myself in it. Carpenter tapped the other on the back heartily and cried: "Don't you be afraid, Dresser; you will be all right! Why, I shouldn't wonder if you made the hit of the whole piece!

And with that he started to open the door that led to the stage. But Dresser made a sudden appeal:



Tve got to have your advice, and it' important.

"Don't go away just as I've found you. I'v been wanting to see you all day. I've got to have your advice, and it's important." the dramatist responded.

"Well," repeated the young actor, "you know that bit of mine in the third act, where I have the scene with Jimmy Stark? He has to say to me: 'I think my wife's afraid she is going to give you a piece of it?" Now, how would you read that?"

After the author had explained to the actor what seemed to him the obvious distribution of the emphasis in this speech he was able to escape and at last to make his way upon the stage.

The scene of the first act of "Touch and Go" was set and the stage itself was brilliantly lighted, while the auditorium was in absolute darkness. It was at least a minute before Carpenter was able to dis-cern the circle of the balcony, shrouded in the linen draperies that protected its velvet and its gilding from the dust. Here and there in the orchestra chairs were little knots of three or four persons, perhaps twenty or thirty in all. The proscenium boxes yawned blackly. Although it was a warm evening in the early fall, the house struck Carpenter as chill and forbidding. He peered into the darkness to discover ce he was longing to see again.

Two men were talking earnestly, seated at a table in the center of the stage near the footlights. One of these was a short man, with grizzled hair and a masterful manner; this was Sherrington, the stage manager who had been engaged to produce the play. The other was Mary Product. the play. The other was Harry Brackett, Carpenter's collaborator in its authorship. Just as the newcomer had made out in the dark house the group he was seeking and had bowed to the two ladies comprising it, Harry Brackett caught sight of him.
"Well, Will," he cried, "the Stellar Attraction is late, as usual—and we've got lots of work before us tonight, too. Sherrington isn't at all satisfied with the way they do either of the big scenes in the second act; and we've got to look out and keep them all up to their work if we want this to be anything more than a mere 'artistic success."
"'Artistic success!" said Sherrington,
emphatically; "why, there's money in this thing of yours, big money, too, if we can get all the laughs out of those two scenes of Daisy's in the second act, but it will there ought to be, legitimately—and we've got to do it! Every laugh is worth a dol-lar and a half; that's what I say."

"The two sceres in the second act," in-quired Carpenter. "The one with Stark and the one with Miss Marvin, you mean?" The one with Marvin will be all right, think," said the stage manager.
"I'm not so sure of that," Harry Brackett

interjected. "You insisted on her being engaged, Will, but she is very inexperienced, and I don't know how she'll get through that long scene."
"Miss Marvin is very clever," Carpenter declared, eager to defend the girl he was

in love with. "And she will look the part to perfection." Looking is all very well," Brackett re-onded, "but it is acting she will have "And she will do it, too," asserted the stage manager. "You see, she's got her mother here tonight and there isn't a sharper old stager anywhere than Kate

Shannon Loraine."

"That's so," Harry Brackett admitted.
"I suppose Loraine can show her daughter suppose Loraine can show her daughter performance, and then the stage was clear-

how to get out of that scene all there is "Shannon'll see the whole play tonight," said Sherrington, "and she'll be able to give Marvin lots of pointers tomorrow. The little girl will be all right; it's Daisy

I'm more afraid of in that scene. It ought to be played high comedy, 'Lady Teazle,' way up in G—and high comedy isn't altogether in Daisy's line."
"That can't be helped now," Brackett replied, "and if the Stellar Attraction can't reach that scene it's the Stellar Attrac-tion's own fault, isn't it? You remember, Will, how she kept telling us all the time we were writing the play that she wanted as high-toned a part as we could give her. We gave it to her, and now give her. We gave it to her, and now she's just got to scratch up to it, if she

can. "I am not afraid of that scene," Carpen ter declared, "for I've always doubted whether she could really do high comedy, and that scene is written so that it will go almost as well if it's played broadly. know there are two ways of doing Lady Teazle.

"There are no two ways about Daisy's being a great favorite, r. "She's accepted, and that's After all, I don't suppose it matmanager. ters much, how she takes that scene; high or broad, the public will accept her. The part fits her like a glove; and all we've got to do is to keep everybody up to concer pitch and get all the laughs we can. You took my advice and cut that talky scene in the third act and now the whole go off like not cakes-see if it don't. I tell you what it is, I'll teach you two boys how to write a real farce before I've done with

Harry Brackett was standing almost be



haven't we?" Sherrington as the stage manage made this speech. He winked at Carpenter.
"Yes," he said a moment later, "I think
it is a pretty good piece of the kind, and I

don't believe even our worst enemies will praise it for its 'literary merit.' Carpenter laughed a little bitterly. "No," he assented, "we've got it into shape now that 'Touch and Go' is 'well written. "Do you remember our joke while we were working on it last winter, Will?" asked Harry Brackett. Then, turning to Sher-rington, he explained: "We used to say that the managers wouldn't 'touch' it, so

will fetch them. At any rate,

the people couldn't 'go.'"

"It's harder to touch the manager than
it is to make the public go," added Cara play—but that only a man of great genius ever succeeds in getting his play produced."

A handsome young woman with snapping black eyes walked on the stage briskly.

"Here's the Stellar Attraction at last," said Harry Brackett; "now we can get down to business."
"Am I late?" the handsome young woman asked, as she came forward, "Everybody waiting for me?" "You are just twenty minutes late, my

dear," said the stage manager, looking at his watch, "and we are all waiting for you."
"That's all right, then," she replied, laughing lightly; "we've got all night be-

fore us, haven't we?"

The prompter clapped his hands and called out "First act!" Two clean-shaven men of indefinite age, who had been sitting in the wings, rose and came forward. Mr. Dresser joined them, and his manager suggested a certain increase of his ordinary nervous tension. A well-preserved elderly lady left her seat on one side of the aisles under the proscenium box and came through the door which led from the au-ditorium to the stage. She was followed by a slight, graceful girl, a blonde with clear gray eyes.

"Mrs. Castleman-Miss Marvin." said the promptor, seeing them; "now we are all ready.

And then the serious business of the re-hearsal began. Mrs. Castleman came down to the center of the stage and took up a newspaper and read the date of it aloud, and remarked that it was just five years since master and mistress had parted in anger, adding that neither of them had put He has to say to me: 'I think my wife's mind is breaking,' and I say: 'Are you afraid she is going to give you a piece of New York. Then one of the minor actors, an awkward young fellow, one of the two who had been standing in the wings, en-tered with a telegram, which he gave to Mrs. Castleman. She tore it open and read it aloud. The master would arrive early that evening. Then Miss Marvin, the girl with the clear blue eyes, came forward with an open letter in her hand and told Mrs. Castleman that the mistress of the house would be home again at last early that morning. And thus the rehearsal went on gravely, every one intent upon the went on gravely, every one intent upon the business in hand. The speeches of the actors were interrupted now and then by the stage manager. "Take the last scene over again," he might command, whereupon the performers would resume their places as before and begin again. "Don't cross till he takes the stage, my dear. And when he says: 'What is the meaning of this?' don't be in a hurry. Wait, and then say your aside: 'Can he suspect?' in a hoarse whisper. See?'

whisper. See?" Finally there was a jingle of sleighbells and the orchestra, beginning faintly and slowly, soon worked up to a swift forte, and then Miss Daisy Fostelle made her first appearance through the broad door at the back of the stage. Finding that she had taken everybody by surprise, she smiled sweetly, and said: "You didn't ex-pect me, I see—but I hope you are all glad

to see me once more."

A thin, cadaverous man with a heavy black mustache here stepped forward to face the wife he had not seen for five years. "We are all glad to see you once more," he had to say, "very glad, indeed, and we are gladder still to see that you seem to be in such excellent heaith and such high spirits! The separation has not dimmed the brightness of your ayes nor..." Here the tall to see me once more.' ness of your eyes nor-" Here the tall, gaunt actor stopped and hesitated. "I don't know what's the matter with that speech," he said, impatiently, "but I can't get it into my head. I never had such

The prompter gave him the word he needed, and no one else paid any attention to this outbreak.

The two authors were seated at the table in the center of the footlights, and Harry Brackett whispered to Carpenter: "Stark is getting the big head, isn't he? The idea of a mere cuff-shooter like that taking himself seriously."

Then there followed an important scene, in which the wife gave her husband a witty and vivacious account of all her doings during the five years of their separation. ending with the startling announcement that she had spent six weeks in South Dakota and had there procured a divorce from him! But there is no need to disclose here in detail the plot of 'Touch and Go,' as the new American comedy unfolded itself scene by scene. As the end of the act ap-proached, Sherrington pressed the actors to play more briskly, so as to bring the curtain down swiftly on an unexpected but carefully prepared tableau.

When the act was over the stage mana-

ed so that the scene might be set for the second act.

Carpenter watched the graceful, grayeyed girl go back into the dim auditorium and take a seat beside her mother, and his heart thumped suddenly, as he found himself wondering when he would dare to tell her that he loved her and to ask her to be his wife. Then he also left the stage and dropped into the chair behind mother and

PART II. "It was very good of you to come this evening, Mrs. Loraine," he began. "I feel as if having your daughter act in this play of mine will bring me luck somehow."

"The idea!" said Miss Marvin, smilingly. "Mary had told me how clever the piece was," the elder actress responded, "but it is really better than she said. The dialogue is very brilliant at times, and the characters are excellently contrasted-and, what is more important, the whole thing will act The parts carry the actors; they've got something to do which is worth while doing. It will go all right tomorrow night!"

"It's a beautiful piece," Mary Marvin declared; "and I think my part is just lovely!" And before he could say anything in fit acknowledgment, Mrs. Loraine went on.

acknowledgment, Mrs. Loraine went on. "Yes, Mary's part is charming; and I think she will play it very well, too!"
"I'm sure of it," he cried, unhesitatingly. "I think there is more in it than I thought at first," sa'd Mary's mother, "now I've seen the play, and I'll go over Mary's part with her tonight, and show her what can be done with it. I'm waiting for that scene in the second act with Fostelle I think in the second act with Fostelle. I think that Mary ought to share the call after In fact, I'm not sure that she can't take the scene away from Fostelle."
"Oh, mother," the daughter broke in,
"that would never do! I should get my two

weeks' notice the next morning, shouldn't I? And I don't want to be out of an engagement just at the beginning of the season, when all the companies are made up."
"Are you sure that the ghost will walk every week with this Fostelle company, if you strike bad business for a month or 30?" asked Mrs. Loraine, with a suggestion of anxiety in her voice. "I think Zeke Kilburn is all right," the

dramatic author responded; "he made a pile of money last year on that imported melodrama, the 'Doctor's Daughter;' and, besides, he has a backer Mrs. Loraine laughed gently, showed her eautifully regular teeth; she was still a handsome woman, with a fine figure and a crown of silver hair.

"A backer?" she rejoined: "but who backs the backer? I've heard your friend, Mr. Brackett, there, say that a jay and his money are soon parted." Carpenter answered her earnestly. "I really think Kilburn is pretty solid, but I suppose that a great deal does depend on the way that the play draws. They've got open time here in New York, and if 'Touch and Go' catches on they can stay here till Christmas. So it comes down to this, that f our piece is a go, the ghost will walk

"I hope it will make a hit," Mrs. Loraine a wered, "for your sake, too. You haven't sold it outright, have you?"
"No, indeed," the young dramatist replied. "Harry Brackett is too old in the "Harry Brackett is too old in the royalty, with a percentage on the gross, whenever it plays to more than \$4,000 a week. We stand to make a lot of money—

if it makes a hit. What do you think of its chances, Mrs. Loraine?" 'The first act is all right," she responded. 'That's the most I can say now. But come and ask me after I've seen the third act and I'll tell you what I think, and I be lieve I can then prophesy its fate pretty well."

By this time the scene of the second act had been set. It represented a stone summer house on the top of a hill overlooking the Hudson just below West Point. It was picturesque in itself, and it was in geriously arranged to provide opportuni-ties for effective stage business.

Carpenter accompanied Miss Marvin back to the stage when the time drew nigh for the second act to begin As he was passing through the door be-tween the auditorium and the stage he found himself face to face with Dresser,

who was fidgeting back and forward.

"Oh, Mr. Carpenter," he cried, "I'm so glad to see you. I want to ask your opinion about this. After all, you know you wrote the play, and you ought to be able to decide. In my scene with Marvin in this act, am I really in love with her then, or ain't really in love with her then or ain' I? Sherrington says I am, but I think it's a great deal funcier if I'm not in love with her then—it helps to work up the last act better. Now, what do you think? Sher-rirgter insists that his way of playing it is more dramatic. Well, I don't say it ain't, but it isn't half as funny, is it?" After Carpenter had given his opinion upon this question Dresser allowed him to escape. But he had not advanced ten yards until he was claimed by Mrs. Castle

man. "Mr. Carpenter," the elderly actress began, in her usual haughtily dignified manner, "how do you think I ought to dress this part in the first act? She's a house-keeper, isn't she? So I suppose I ought to wear an apron."

The young dramatist expressed his belief that perhaps an apron would be a proper thing for the housekeeper to wear in the first act.
"But not a cap, I hope?" urged Mrs. Castleman.

Carpenter doubted if a cap would be "Thank you," said Mrs. Castleman. "You

"Thank you," said Mrs. Castleman. "You see, I have always hitherto been associated with the legitimate and I really don't quite know what to do with this sort of thing." Then she suddenly paused only to break cut again impetuously: "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Carpenter, really I did not mean to imply that this charming play of yours is not legitimate." yours is not legitimate-' The dramatic author laughed. "You need not apologize," he declared; "I'm inclined to think that "Touch and Go' is so illegiti-

mate now that its own parents can't rec-At last the rehearsal of the second act began, the two authors sitting at the little table with the stage manager.
Sherrington consulted them once or twice

in regard to the omission of a line here and "Cut it down to the bone, when you can-that's what I say," he explained, "what you cut out can't make people \_ wn."

But once he stopped the rehearsal to suggest that a speech be written in. "You've got to make that complication mighty



But your heart is breaking all the

to do it. I think. If you want them to un derstand that Dresser here is going to mis-take Marvin for Fostelle in the next scene, you had better give him another line now to lead up to it."

The two authors consulted hastily; and

Carpenter, drawing out a note book and a pencil, hurriedly wrote a sentence which e showed to Brackett. "That'll do it," said Sherrington; and he read it aloud to Dresser, who borrowed Carpenter's pencil and wrote in the line on the manuscript of his part, wondering aloud whether he should ever remember it on th

first night. A few minutes later Sherrington again interrupted the actors to insist that the sunset effect should be adjusted carefully to accompany the spoken dialogue.
"I want a soft rosy tint on Fostelle in this scene," he explained.
"Quite right," laughed the black-eyed star; "that ought to be becoming to my

style of beauty. 'And I want it to contrast with the blue moonlight in the scene with Marvin," said the stage manager.
"Quite right again," Miss Daisy Fostelle rommented. "I'll take the center of the stage and you will order calciums for one!"
"We had better go back to your en-

trance, I think," Sherrington decided, "and take the whole scene over." The actors and actresses obediently re sumed the positions they had occupied when Miss Daisy Fostelle made her first

entrance was given and she came forward with a burst of artificial laughter.

"That laugh was very good." Sherrington declared; "better than it was last time, but you must make it as hollow as you can. Remember the situation; your best young man has gone back on you and you are trying to keen a stiff upper lip—but your heart is breaking all the same—see."

The star repeated the laugh and it was Dresser. Where youn the comedian beyond

your heart is breaking all the same—see."
The star repeated the laugh, and it was more obviously artificial.
"That's it, my dear," said the stage manager. "Now keep it up till you cross, and then drop into that chair there, and then you let the laugh die away into a sob."
The star went back to the rustic gate by which she had entered; laughed again and came forward; then she crossed the stage, sank upon a seat and choked with a sob.
Carpenter stepped forward and whispered Carpenter stepped forward and whispered into Sherrington's ear, whereupon Miss Fostelle sat upright instantly and very suspiciously asked: "What's that? I'd saked: "What's that? rather have you say it out loud that whisper it!'

The young dramatist explained at once.
"I was only suggesting to Sherrington that perhaps it would be better if that seat were turned a little so that you we sideways-then the audience would ge a full view of your face here."

"It would be a pity to deprive them of that, I'll admit," said the mollified actress, as she and the stage manager slightly turn-

ed the rustic chair.

Then she dropped into the seat and repeated her sob. Miss Marvin stepped upon the stage and remarked to space: "What a lovely even-ing, and how glorious the sunset!" Then

she stood silently watching.

Miss Dalsy Fostelle sobbed again, and it tores heavy-laden with tears she said:
"What have I to live for now?" Looking back at the other actress, she remarked in her ordinary voice: "You will give me time to pick myself up here, won't you?" Then she went on in the former tear-stained accents: "What have I left to live for now My heart is broken! My heart is broken! Again she resumed her everyday tones to ask the stage manager: "Is that all right? Am I far enough around now?

Thus they came to perhaps the most important scene of the play—that between the Stellar Attraction (as Brackett liked to call her) and the girl Carpenter was in love with. Both actresses were well fitted to the characters they had to perform. Carpenter, who had no liking for Daisy Festelle, was a little surprised at the judg-ment and skill with which she carried of the bravura passages of her part; and h was not a little charmed with the delicate force the gentle Mary Marvin revealed in the contrasting character.

And so the rehearsal proceeded laborious-

ly, Sherrington directing it autocratically ordering certain scenes to be played more rapidly, and seeing that others were taker more slowly, so that the spectators might have time to understand the situation. Now and then either Carpenter or Brackett made a suggestion or a criticism, but both yielded to Sherrington, if he was insistent. The stage manager kept the whole com-pany of actors up to their work, and im-posed on them his understanding of that work, much as the conductor of an or-chestra leads his musicians at the performance of a symphony.

When the whole act had been rehearsed

and the final scene was repeated three of four times, until it ran like well-oiled clock work, the stage was cleared, so that the Sherrington accompanied Miss Marvin through the door behind the proscenium

"You will play that scene very well," he said, "but you've got to have confidence."
"It is a beautiful part, isn't it?" she responded, with enthusiasm. "I never had part I could enjoy playing so much. Carpenter was about to leave the stage o tell Mary what a delight it was to him to hear her speak; the words he had written when his collaborator tapped him on the As he turned Harry Brackett whispered in his ear:

Look out for the Stellar Attraction. I'm afraid she has just dropped on Marvin's



"I'm afraid she has just dropped or Marvin's part."

part. If she once suspects that the little girl may get that scene away from her, she can make herself mightily disagreeable all round. I guess we had better go up and tell her she is a greater actress than Charlotte Cushman.'

PART III.

Carpenter laughingly answered: "Take are she doesn't drop on you! It would be worse if she thought you were guying her." "There's no danger of that," Harry Brackett returned, "That Stellar Attraction of ours is a boa constrictor for flattery -there isn't anything she won't swallow." The two dramatic authors found Miss Daisy Fostelle standing in the wings and discussing with Dresser the personal peculiarities of another member of the dramatic profession.

As Carpenter and Brackett came up, the actress was saying: "Why, she had the cheek actually to tell me I was more amusing off the stage than on-the cat! But I got even with her. I told her I was sorry I couldn't return the compliment, for she was ven less amusing on the stage than off!" The two dramatists joined in the laugh and then Harry Brackett began.
"Is it your hated rival you are having fun with?" he asked. "Well, if she comes to

see you in this play tomorrow, they'll have to put a waterproof carpet into the private oox, for she will weep bitter tears of despair while she's watching you in this second ac of ours.' Miss Daisy Fostelle snapped her big black eyes at him and smiled with pleasure. "Yes," she admitted. "I don't believe she

will really enjoy that scene—and yet she'll have to give me a hand at the end of the 'She'll go through the motions, perhaps,' Brackett returned, "but she won't burst a ole in her gloves." Then he slyly nudged

his collaborator.
"The fact is," began Carpenter, thus ad-monished, "I was just going to tell Harry Brackett here that maybe we have made a mistake in writing you a high-comedy part like this—"

The actress flashed a suspicious glance at him; but he went on as if unconscious of

"We can see now," he continued, "that you are going to play this part so well that you will make a great hit in it, and then the critics will all be after you to play Lady Teazle and Rosalind. They'll tell you that you are only wasting your talents in modern plays, and that you ought to devote yourself to the legitimate."

The suspicion faded from Miss Daisy Fostelle's face, and the smile of pleasure retelle's face, and the smile of pleasure re-

appeared.
"That's so," Harry Brackett declared.
"You will make such a hit in this part,
I'm afraid, that Shertian and Shakespeare
will be good enough for you next season.
Now that would be taking the bread out of

The actress faughed easily. think you would starve," she returned; "and I might, maybe if I took to the legitimate. Not that it would be my first attempt, either, for I played Ariel in the 'Tempest' when I was a mere child. And it wasn't easy, I can tell you. Ariel's a real hard part, I think; there's a certain swing to the words, too, and you can't make up a line of your own if you get stuck, as I could in this piece of yours." "No." Brackett confessed, solemnly, "the dialogue of 'Touch and Go' is not as rhyth-mic as the dialogue of the 'Tempest.'"

"And I've played Francois in 'Richelieu,' continued Miss Fostelle. "But I don't think I really like any of those Shakespearean parts."
"No," Brackett confessed again, with fearless gravity, "Francois is not one of Shakespeare's best parts. It wasn't worthy

of you, no matter how inexperienced you were. But Rosalind, now, as Carpenter suggests, and Beatrice—"

Carpenter here guessed, from Dresser's spasmodic manner, that the actor was about sumed the positions they had occupied to intervene in the conversation, and, not when Miss Daisy Fostelle made her first knowing what might be the result, the appearance in that act. The cue for her younger of the dramatists dropped out of you were married?"

After they had exchanged a few words, Carpenter looked into the auditorium to saw that she was by the side of her mother, and that Mrs. Loraine and Sherrington

were still engaged in an earnest conversa-tion. He made a movement as if to leave Dresser, where upon the comedian begged him for a moment's interview. "It's about that speech of mine in the

third act that I want to make a suggestion," said the actor. "It's a very good tion," said the actor. "It's a very good speech, too, and I think I can get three laughs out of it, easy. You know the speech. I mean the one about the three speech. I mean the one about the three old maids: 'There were three old maids in our town, one was plain as a pike-staff,



The Actress Flashed a Glance at Him.

and the other was as homely as a hedge fence, and the third was as ugly as sin; and whenever they all three walked out together every clock in that place stopped Their parents had christened them Faith and Hope and Charity, but the boys always called them Battle and Murder and Sudden Death.' Now, don't you think it would help to bring out the point more if the orchestra was to play 'Grandfather' Clock' very gently just as I say that 'ever clock in the place stopped short?'
do you think. That's my own idea!"

The dramatist said nothing for a second or two, and then told the actor to consult the stage manager, who was just returning to begin the rehearsal of the third act. new scene had been set swiftly and

the furniture was already in place. The first of the actors to enter was the cadaver-ous and irritable Stark. He began glibly enough, but soon hesitated for a word and then broke out impatiently, regardles of the presence of the two authors: "Oh can't get that line into my head! And don't know what it means, either! How

can you expect a man to speak such rubbish?" As before, nobody paid any attention to this petulance, and the actor went on with his part without further comment. the most elaborate fashion. The characte

Dresser then entered and the two mer proceeded to misunderstand each other in which Stark represented had reason to be lieve that the character that Dresser rep resented was the uncle of the characte that Daisy Fostelle represented and wa also a soldier. In like manner Dresser had reason to believe that Stark was the lady's uncle and also a sailor. They address each other, therefore, in sallor talk and is soldier talk; and the fun waxed fast and furious. At the height of the misunder standing Daisy Fostelle entered unex pectedly and found herself instantly im no possibility of plausible explanation. Once the stage manager reminded Dresser that he had omitted a phrase. "You left out: 'Confound it, man!" he said.

"I know it," the actor explained, "but wanted to save it to use in my next speech It goes better there—you see if it does not."
And Sherrington decided that "Confound it, man!" was more effective in the later speech, so the transposition was authorized to Dresser's satisfaction.

The stage manager had this important scene of mutual misunderstanding between Stark and Dresser and Daisy Fostelle re peated twice, until every word fell glibly and every gesture seemed automatic. And so the rehearsal went to the end, Sherrington applying the finishing touches, and seeming at last to be fairly well satisfied with the result of his labors.

The final lines of the comedy were, of course, to be delivered by the star; but when the cue was given to her. Miss Fos-telle simply said "Tag!" everybody being last speech of a play at a rehearsal-as unlucky as it is to put up an umbrella on the stage, or to quote from "Macbeth." "That will do," said the stage manager, "I think it will be all right tomorrow

And with that the rehearsal concluded and the company began to disperse.
"I hope it is all right," Harry Brackett
remarked to Carpenter, "and I think it is. But I shall have a great deal more confilence after the man in the box office shakes hands with me cordially, say, next Wednesday or Thursday, and inquires about my health. He'll know by that time whether

we've got a good thing or not!"

Carpenter helped Miss Marvin to put on her light cape. Then, after her mother had joined them, they said good-night to the others and left the theater together. When they came out into the night the street was quieter than it had been when Carpenter entered the theater



"Half of it?" she echoed.

There were fewer cable cars passing th loor and the trains on the elevated road in the avenue were now infrequent. The variety show across the way and evidently the Grand Sacred Concert was over. The moon had sunk; and before they had gone a block the bell of the church tolled the hour of midnight.

The young man who was walking by the side of Mrs. Loraine broke the sile

at lact.
"Well," he asked, "what do you think of the play new?"
"I think it is a good plece of its kind," the elder actress answered. "A very good piece of its kind, and it is well staged, and it will be well acted, too. Sherrington knows how to get his best work out of everybody. Yes, it will be a success." "Is it good for three months here now?"

"Is it good for three months here now?"
the young author asked, "and for the rest
of the season on the road?"
"Oh, yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Loraine.
"Yes, indeed. It's safe for a hundred
nights here at least."
They paused at the corner to wait for
a cable car, and Sherrington joined them.
This gave Carpenter a chance to lead
the daughter away from the mother half the daughter away from the mother half

the daughter away from the mother half a dozen steps.
"I'm so glad mother thinks the play will go," the girl began. "And mother is a very good judge, too. You ought to make a lot out of it."
The young dramatist felt that he had his chance at last. "I've wanted to make money mainly for one reason," he returned. "I wanted to ask you to take half of it."
"Half of it?" she echoed, as though she did not understand.
"Oh, well—all of it," he responded swiftly, "and me with it."
"Mr. Carpenter!" she cried, and blushes made her look even lovelier than

'Won't you marry me?" he asked ardently.
"Oh, I suppose I've got to say yes," she answered, "or else you will go down on your knees here in the moonlight!"

A Leading Question From the Texas Sifter.

young man do all the evenings he spends with you in the kitchen?" Bridget—"Sure, mum, and what did Mr. Pompous do when he called on you before

Mrs. Portly Pompous-"What does that

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

# Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

AUNTY AND HER AMANUENSIS.

The Letter That Was Finally Fin-From the Chicago Daily News.

Aunty crossed the floor with her heavy plantation tread and set the clock on the

creole mahogany and carried itself in lordly and behaving as will best set off that style. fashion among its peers, but now for many The little, round Miss Dimples, who would years, on account of some obscure visceral be perfectly delicions if all a-purr and derangement, it had been retired to humble a-smile, who could clap her little soft society.

now, an' jest as magnificus as she ever self up on cushions, and tumble her pretty were; only you'll jest have ter wind her up, curls and be caressing, impetuous and poutplease, ma'am," said aunty.

the novel task.

The key turned in its place with infinite difficulty, as if it dragged after it the whole weight of the unwilling years, and there was a strange groaning and creaking within Of course, sometimes she is only delicious, and a convulsive shudder of the whole maand a convulsive shudder of the whole machinery and framework. But it began to tick and the hands began to move

Aunty surveyed it with awe and delight. "She goes tribulatin' along as peart as ever she did. How nachal it does sound! aunty?" asked the mistress, noting its

"My ole mistr's give her to me arter the surrender. They was all broke up and the ole plantation was sold and they went to N' Orleans ter live. An' now, honey, I'se ready fer de letter if you is."
"Yes, aunty. Who is the letter for?"

her mother? "Bless yer heart, no! I mean her father an' mother, an' they separated, an' he's got another wife an' she's got another hus-

"Oh, well, I have written, 'My dear grand-daughter.' Now, what next?"
"'I was mighty glad ter hear from you all an' that you was well an' doin' well.'
"She give one when she orter give twelve, an' she give twelve when she orter give one," said aunty, interrupting her droning recitative. The scribe looked up in bewilderment.

Aunty's eyes were fixed on the clock. "Didn't you hear her strike?" "No. Never mind the clock now, aunty."
"He said she were all right," murmured unty, sadly.
"We will consult him again if she is not,

but now we must write the letter if we want it to go in the next mail." "I does want it ter go powerful bad." "Well, then, what next?"
"I am well and doing well at present, but I have had mighty pore health this win-ter. Be a good girl an' don't forgit your pore ole gran'mother. If her father don't let her come up here 'fore long I'm gwine down there."

her pen through a line and a half.
"What you do that fer?" complained aunty.
"Never mind. Go on." "You worries me so, scratchin' out the writin', I done fergot. Oh! 'Won't you please let my gran'daughter come up an'

The scribe caught her breath and drew

ee me, if it's only fer a day?' That's fer her father," said aunty. The writer paused.
"If I'd listen to her Aunt Lulu I shouldn't never have let her go with him. Tell her I'm a-comin' down ter see her. He beats her with his crutch and don't give her noth-

in'. 'Don't think hard o' me 'cause I didn't nd you anything Christmas. I was away from home two months, water bound. The mistress laid down her pen. 'Oh, aunty, what a story! "It's jest ter satisfy her, honey, so she on't think hard o' me. Tell her I'm comin'

ter see her in a week or two an' to be sure an' look fer me."

"Now, aunty, you know I can't spare you the great and fundamental truths of nain a week or two." "Co'se I does, an' I ain't a-gwine. But she

anybody gwine there." "Why, aunty, there's always lots of fruit in the city market, and you can send her a lime or two bits any time in a letter and "Law, sakes! So I kin. Huccomes it you al'oys thinks of everything? That head o' alyours is plum full all the time," said

aunty, admiringly. "Is that all, aunty?" "Oh, tell her ter be sure ter ax her father "Aunty, I wouldn't. He seems to be a bad

fellow. "But you see, honey, I don't want him ter be mad at me, 'cause mebby then he won't let her come an' see me. I don't reckon he aims ter let her come nohow. He took her

away ter keep her, but he needn't have gone at it that reverent way." "What name shall I write on the out-"Rev. Jim Brown."
"But, aunty, it's for your granddaugh-

"He gets the letters an' he'll know who

it's fer. And now there's another one an' it's to the Rev. Jim Brown. An' then if you ain't anything partickler ter do, I'd like ter have you write ter my daughter out on Tickfaw, please, ma'am.' Two hours later the amanuensis laid down her pen with a long sigh of relief.

Fables Up to Date.

From Truth. A kind-hearted and philanthropic fly was one day buzzing around a room, when he noticed another fly firmly attached to a piece of sticky fly paper. The philanthro-pist did not know what ailed its brother and did not stop to make inquiries.

"You are in sore distress," said the kindhearted one. "I will render you all the ling the waiter, he howled out in an impaassistance in my power."
Saying which the misguided Samaritan

through some benevolent organization.

A NATURAL GIRL.

Why Will Young Women Try to Improve Upon Nature!

From Modern Society. I cannot understand why it is that so many girls make the mistake of trying to adopt the manners of their most admired friend instead of studying their own style hands and run about with her sun-ponnet "The clock doctor, he say she all right hanging by the strings, who could curl hering-she is the girl who straightens out The mistress cheerfully arose and essayed | that dear little back of hers, and puts down primly the little feet that would twinkle so prettily. She pulls down the corners of her rosebud mouth, and is grave, polite and dignified. Oh, save the mark! Think of it! ceeds in being stand-offish, and then all

does it. This spectacle is sad enough, but not so dismal as that of the Juno creature who refuses to be a Juno and attempts the hap-py soubrette. She is the one who cuddles, is chic, and skips about. Her figure is made for fine dignity, her features are well cut and somewhat classic; repose is what she wants. Those wide, serene eyes are splendid if allowed to illuminate one with a level loneliness, but they are ruined in try-"My granddaughter. Her mother give her ter me an' I let her go to N' Orleans ter stay with her father. You see, they didn't but when they are wriggled and shrugged get erlong—"
"Who, aunty? Your granddaughter and girl is always sure to admire her little pussy friend, but she must remember that she cannot be pussy, and that many people admire her own type. It is only fair to them that she should not spoil it. Then there is the big girl, who must cul-

one can do is to contemplate the ruin of her child-like charms and wonder why she

then there is the big girl, who must cultivate a touch of hauteur—not the nilffer-ent serenity of the classic girl, but the hau-teur of the perfectly poised mondaine. Here is a high-bred scorn of commonplace; she holds her head aloft, cultivates all elegant conventionality, associates herself with the imperative rustle of petticoats, is adept in the latest social forms, always perfectly groomed, always faultiessly armored in manner. This is a difficult type to sustain, tut so rare and beautiful a one that it is shame to see such a girl wasting her chances doing the ingenue. The nest netic type is out of style, but the tall, very sle der girl, with well-shaped hands, and wistful beauty, a little wan, who looks best in soft lights and loose gowns, had better go in for graceful languor, for an appealing lassitude. She will simply ruin herself by being energetic and athletic

Then the snub-nosed little girl, who freckles, whose figure is stumpy, who has a head of hair that will make itself into shock, whose muscles are easily hardened and whose health is perfect, why should she rob the world of the delightful tom-boy for which she was meant, and try to be an airy flirt of ball room tendencies? Oh, girls study your own style. It may not be the style you prefer, but remember, in these days it is individuality that counts.

## The Liberal Education.

From the London Echo. That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with case and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to every kind of work, and spin the gos ture, and of the laws of her operations one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life kin be lookin' out. I wish," added the kind soul, regretfully, "that I could send her some fruit. But how can I? I don't know vant of a tender conscience; who has learnvant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself. Such a one, and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education, for he is as completely as a man can be in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent mother, he as her mouthplece, her conscious self, her minister and inter-

#### A Curiously Named Garden From the London T-legraph.

There is a garden in Brixton kept by an old gentleman, which presents some curlosities in floral nomenclature. The owner has been seized with a desire to label his flowers after the manner of botanists, but, knowing nothing of scientific terms, consulted an acquaintance. The result is more amusing than appropriate, and proves the folly of wisdom where ignorance is bliss. Scientific names have been affixed to all the flowers, but strictly on the principle that "a rose by any other name will smell as sweet." One row bears the inscription "a rose by any other name will smell as sweet." One row bears the inscription "Nux vomica;" another is boldly labeled "Nisi Prius;" a third is affirmed to be 'Ipecacuanha," and another to be "Particeps criminis." The amateur gardener is exceedingly proud of his collection, and no one has enlightened him on the incongruity of the descriptions.

#### of the descriptions. Hard to Please.

Ficm the Seattle Times. A man was taking his usual dose of pork and beans in a restaurant at Olympia and found two silver dimes in the beans. Call-

tient manner:
"Here, what kind of a lay-out is this? I alighted and was soon as badly tangled as the other fly.

Moral—Perform your deeds of charity the walter. "Yesterday you growled about not having any change in your diet!"

THE COMING MAN.



"Tell her I'll be right down."